No. 2.

CANADIAN ROSE BUD SONG BOOK

10 cts.

DAMOREAU. ENG

TORONTO

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The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
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Queen's University at Kingston

THE CANADIAN

ROSE BUD

SONG BOOK.

CONTAINING ALL THE POPULAR SONGS
OF THE DAY.

TORONTO:
A. S. IRVING, 35 KING ST. WEST.

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The Rose Bud.

WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS.

A rose-bud by my early walk,
A-down a corn-enclosed bawk,*
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning;
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning;
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tints thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray,
That watch'd thy early morning.

* A narrow foot-path.

Hattie Bell.

(MUSIC CAN BE HAD AT R. B. BUTLAND'S, TORONTO.)

DEATH has torn her from my bosom,
One I loved so well;
Oh! how dark the world will be now,
Without Hattie Bell.
Where the summer winds are singing,
Through a lonely dell;
They have lain my spirit's idol,—
Dearest Hattie Bell.

CHORUS.

Dearest Hattie Bell!
Darling Hattie Bell!
Where the summer winds are sighing,
Thro' a lonely dell:
They have lain my spirit's idol,—
Dearest Hattie Bell.

Gloom is 'round the little cottage,
Where she used to dwell;
Ev'ry leaflet seems to whisper,—
Where is Hattie Bell?
Down among the twilight shadows,
In a lonely dell,—
Sweetly bloom the wild-wood flowers,
Over Hattie Bell.

Dearest Hattie Bell, &c.

Underneath the weeping willow,
By the river side,
I am waiting where we parted,
For my angel-bride;
And the winds that now are sighing
Through that lonely dell,
Tell me that I soon shall slumber
With my Hattie Bell.

Dearest Hattie Bell, &c.

I Would Like to Change my Name.

BY W. W. WAKELAM.

I would like to change my name,
And share another's home,
With a heart that's kind and true,
And one that would not roam;
For my schooling days are over,
The books are laid aside,
I've often been a bridesmaid,
'Tis time I was a bride;
I've often been a bridesmaid,
'Tis time I was a bride.

I should like to change my name,
And settle down in life;
Here's a chance for some young man,
That's seeking for a wife!
Perhaps you think I'm jesting,
And mean not what I say;
But if you think so, *try* me,
You'll find I'll not say nay;
But if you think so, *try* me,
You'll find I'll not say nay.

Old maids have often told me
There's care in married life,
But let them talk, I heed them not,
I'm bound to be a wife;
For my schooling days are over,
My books I've thrown aside,
I've often been a bridesmaid,
'Tis time I was a bride;
I've often been a bridesmaid,
'Tis time I was a bride.

The Girl with the Golden Switch.

AS SUNG BY LISA WEBER.

Of all the pretty little blondes
That ever walked the stage,
There's one, I call her Nellie,
She's the beauty of the age;
She is petite in stature,
And as lively as a witch,
And her back is ornamented
With a golden swinging switch.

CHORUS.

The first time that I met her,
She wore a swinging switch,
This beautiful, this charming girl,
This pretty little witch.

Her smile is angelic,
And her manners are serene,
Her teeth, of pearly whiteness,
Are the prettiest I have seen;
Her voice, at times, is mellow,
Again, 'tis pure and rich,
But the sweetest thing about her
Is that golden swinging switch.
The first time, &c.

She skips before the footlights
With an air of grace and ease,
She sings like a canary,
And is always sure to please;
Her admirers they are many,
They applaud the little witch,
And when she gets an encore,
Oh, don't she toss that switch.
The first time, &c.

She's the Sweetest of them All.

AS SUNG, WITH GREAT SUCCESS, BY MISS ELLA CHAPMAN.

OH! I have met a charmer,
She's sweet to gaze upon,
The first time that you see her face,
You feel your heart is gone;
She wears her dress "au pannier,"
She's neither short or tall,
And of all the charming girls in town,
She's the sweetest of them all.

CHORUS.

Oh my! oh dear! you may talk about your pretty girls,
The fair, fat, short and tall,
But Nancy Ann Amanda Jane
Is the sweetest of them all.

She plays upon the piano,
The Jew's-harp and "bassoon,"
And when she hasn't got a cold,
Sings "Up in a Balloon."
She goes to balls and parties,
And when her name they call,
The men all look around to see
The sweetest of them all.
Oh my! oh dear! &c.

I asked her if she'd have me,
She smiled and said, "you bet,"
Then whispered sweetly in my ear,
"We may be happy yet."
There's going to be a wedding,
Some time late in the Fall,
And I'm to be the better half
Of the sweetest of them all.
Oh my! oh dear! &c.

I'm going to build a mansion,
With a big plate on the door,
And put my name upon it—
A. Junius Brutus Moore.
I'm going to give a party,
And invite you folks to call,
And see how happy I will be
With the sweetest of them all.
Oh my! oh dear! &c.

Winking at Me; or, How Can I Sing.

BY MISS ALICE SIEDLER. AS SUNG BY LISA WEBER.

KIND friends, your attention I'll ask for a while,
And I'll try to amuse you in my simple style;
To sing to you nightly its a pleasure I see,
For the gents in the house all keep winking at me—
Winking at me—winking at me;
How can I sing while you're winking at me?

There's a gentleman sitting down there at the right,
He came here to-day in a terrible plight;
He's lately been jilted by a fair one you see,
And now he comes here and keeps winking at me—
Winking at me—winking at me;
Now how can I sing while you're winking at me?

Mr. ———, our leader, as every one knows,
Has lately contrived to let his moustache grow;
He's got a nice wife, and big children three,
Now how can he play while he's winking at me?—
Winking at me—winking at me;
And how can I sing while he's winking at me?

There's a gentleman there now, who should be at home,
Rocking the cradle of babes he does own.

SPOKEN.—Yes, that gentleman there, who wears the blue cravat, and has a rose in his button-hole.

No wonder you blush, Sir, married man as you be,
To sit here all night and keep winking at me—
Winking at me—winking at me ;
And how can I sing while he's winking at me?

There's a gent sitting there, dress'd with elegant taste,
By the side of a lady, his arm round her waist,—
An artful deceiver I fear he must be,—
For while he makes love to her, he keeps winking at me
Winking at me—winking at me ;
And how can I sing while he's winking at me?

But now I conclude with my silly rhymes,
I hope I've not offended, or wasted my time ;
'Twas meant in a jest, for you plainly can see,
There's a boy in the gallery keeps winking at me—
Winking at me—winking at me ;
And how could I sing while he's winking at me?

Naughty Prince Pippin.

BY MISS ELIZA WEATHERSBY.

OH, a sadly pitiful story's mine,
Just listen and you shall hear,
How naughty Prince Pippin, a gay young swell,
Has treated his love so dear.
I fancied his heart was mine, and thought
How happy we both should be,
Perched up at the top of the royal court,—

But Pippin's gone back on me.
For in love, yes, in love,
I fell with the fairest, he;
Oh! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,
Have you really gone back on me?
Oh! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,
Have you really gone back on me?

Oh, will he ever come back to me,
Or must I for ever stay
In this beastly place, and be treated, too,
In this rascally kind of way?
I should never have thought that a real live Prince,
Like Pippin once seemed to be,
From helping his own true love would wince;
But Pippin's gone back on me.
For in love, yes, in love,
I fell with the fairest, he;
Oh! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,
Have you really gone back on me?
Oh! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,
Have you really gone back on me?

The Beauty of the Season.

BY STONELEIGH.

To be the first at ball or hop,
To have bouquets by dozens,
To wake the boyish love of male,
And hate of female cousins;
To say and do just what you please,
And without rhyme or reason,
And yet be praised;
This is to be the beauty of the season,
The beauty of the season.

The beaux at church think more of you
Than of the pray'r or sermon,
You are the first ask'd for a waltz,
The last one at the German.
Yet though you've lovers by the score,
Can some one tell the reason
The plainest girl is wed before
The beauty of the season?
The beauty of the season.

You're witching, there's no doubt of that,
Your very smile is winning,
One glance from those bewitching eyes
Sets hearts and heads a spinning;
But when a suitor comes for life,
You flirt beyond all reason,
And so you'll die an old maid yet,
Mybeauty of the season,
My beauty of the season.

Oh! Golly, Aint She Style.

BY ROLLIN HOWARD.

Oh! you may talk of Lizzie Ann,
And the charming, gay quadroon,
They cannot beat the girl I met
The other afternoon.
Her roguish eyes threw such a glance,
And she gave a killing smile,
Her jocky hat tipp'd on her nose,
Oh! golly, aint she style.

CHORUS.

She's dashing when she walks the streets,
And then her killing smile,
The jocky hat tipp'd on her nose,
Oh! golly aint she style.

Her cheeks are red as any rose,
And her luscious lips are sweet,
You'll know her by that saucy smile,
Whene'er you chance to meet;
You'll not find such another girl,
If you go many a mile,
Her dress it is surpass'd by none,
Oh! golly, aint she style.
She's dashing, &c.

Last night I told her of my love,
And I said, "Will you be mine?"
I told her I'd be at church
Just as the clock struck nine.
I met her, she was dress'd to kill,
And she wore that saucy smile;
When we walked out, I heard them say,
Oh! golly, aint she style.
She's dashing, &c.

Love at First Sight; or, "The View from Out my Window."

BY ROLLIN HOWARD.

THE view from out my window
Looks down upon the street,
And from it I saw a maiden fair,
With well gaitered little feet;

She threw a glance up at me,
It pierc'd my heart, oh! my,
I felt just at that moment,
As if I'd really die.
She walked alone, as if no care
Had crossed her mind, I do declare,
The view from out my window—
'Twas gave this sight to me;
I'll tell you how this lovely one
Came to belong to me.

With her cunning little 'kerchief,
To which she gave a twirl,
She said that I might follow her,
I said ah, that's my girl!
So I quickly donned my cap,
And was upon the street,
Yes, seeing her to her parents' home,
This charmer, fair and sweet.
We walk'd along, and sure no care
Will cross our minds, I do declare,
The view from out my window—
'Twas gave this sight to me;
I'll tell you how this lovely one
Came to belong to me.

She said, will you come in, Sir,
My mother, dear, to meet?
I thanked her kindly, and stepped in,
And "mother, dear," did meet;
So I told her there at once,
I loved her child most dear;
My girl and mother both said "yes,"
I tell you I felt queer.

We talked along, and sure no care
Did cross our minds, I do declare,
The view from out my window—
'Twas gave this sight to me ;
I'll tell you how this lovely one
Came to belong to me.

The wedding day was fixed then,
For really 'twas "just so,"
When cards, with cake in plenty,
Forth to our friends should go ;
It came, and wasn't I happy,
And didn't she cut a shine ;
I said, now boys, I'm lucky,
This bunch of dry good's mine.
We live along, and sure no care
E'er cross our minds, I do declare,
The view from out my window—
'Twas gave this sight to me ;
I've told you how this lovely one
Came to belong to me.

Andy Bawn.

BY R. REECE.

THE hours are passin' one by one,
The starin' sun goes shinin' on,
The bloom upon my posy's gone,
Yet never a sight of Andy!
He vowed, "it's fetch ye love I will,
Wid fairins, too, your pockets fill."

But here I'm at the windy still,
Wid never a sight of Andy.
Oh! Andy Bawn, the day'll be gone,
It's now I understand ye;
Ye play this part to break my heart,
Ye mane, deceitful Andy!

There's Biddy Free, and Micky Shee,
As gay as girl and boy can be;
I'll hide myself, in case they'd see,
Behind the windy curtain.
There's Patrick Rooney, just gone by,
Wid Katty, thryin to look shy;
They've spied me, och!
I'll go and cry myself to death for certain.
Oh! Andy Bawn, the day'll be gone,
It's now I understand ye;
Ye play this part to break my heart,
Ye mane, deceitful Andy!

About the fair there's sure to go,
Till ivery boy and girl will know,
That Norah's been deserted so,
By fickle, jiltin' Andy!
I'll die, but look! by this and that,
I see the wavin' of his hat;
Ye're free to talk now, Kate and Pat,
'Tis my true-hearted Andy!
Oh! Andy Bawn, I thought ye gone,
But do I understand ye?
The gift ye brings a wedding ring!
We'll not be parted, Andy.

It's Better to Laugh than to Cry.

It is wise, when you enter the battle of life,
To be armed for the fight from the first;
And although you may hope for the best of the strife,
You should always prepare for the worst.
Don't dream of despairing or giving things up,
If fortune is fickle or shy;
For you'll find whether bitter or sweet is the cup,
It is better to laugh than to cry.

CHORUS.

So never give way to the cares of to-day,
Better luck may come yet, by-and-bye;
And to-morrow may bring quite a different thing,
So it's better to laugh than to cry.

In the journey of life 'twould be folly to grieve,
If we now and then happen to find,
That ambition and friendship which often deceive,
And that Cupid is frequently blind.
If a friend should prove false, or a hope should betray,
We may find better luck by-and-bye;
And if love, like a cheat, should have led us astray,
It is better to laugh than to cry.
So never give way, &c.

There's a charm about laughter to lengthen our lives,
And a poison in sighing and care;
For wherever we look, 'tis good humor that thrives,
And fretting that leads to despair.
Of all the wise things that are taught at school,
There is nothing on which to rely,
With so firm a belief as that excellent rule,—
It is better to laugh than to cry.
So never give way, &c.

There's quite as much pleasure as pain after all,
In this bright little world of our own;
And the pleasure will readily come to our call,
If the right way to call it is known.
Should trouble pursue, or calamity press,
Is it wiser to smile or to sigh?
In the moment of pain or the day of distress,
It is better to laugh than to cry.
So never give way, &c.

The Lover and the Bird.

Oh, sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
Bird, thy music solace will bring;
Thou wilt not fly, why shouldst thou, fear me;
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Those honied notes of thine thro' me are thrilling,
This heart long desponding, with pleasure filling.
Oh, sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
Sing of love, of love only sing;
Sing! sing! Ah! ah! ah! ah! Songster pity me,
Why can I never sing a song of rapture like thee?

Oh, sing, sing on, e'en deceive me,
Bird, with visions glitt'ring and vain;
Rain flatt'ring hopes, oh do not leave me;
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Soon from my dreams will I waken to sorrow,
To-day give me rapture, I'll weep to-morrow.
Oh, sing, sing on, e'en to deceive me,
Sing of love, of love only sing;
Sing! sing! Ah! ah! ah! ah! Songster pity me,
Why can I never sing a song of rapture like thee?

There's a Smile that Awaits Me at Home.

TROUBLES, we fancy, are heavy to bear,
In travelling life's dreary way;
Some are heart-broken with sorrow and care,
While others are cheerful and gay.
The road may be rough, and the journey be long,
As over its pathway I roam;
Contented I sing, 'tis the theme of my song:
There's a smile that awaits me at home.

CHORUS.

The frowns of the world are nothing to me,
Trials and troubles may come;
I've this consolation, wherever I may be,—
There's a smile that awaits me at home.

Weary and worn, and by labor oppress'd,
Or sneer'd at by fools in their pride;
The shrine of my love and the haven of rest,
I find by my own fireside.
Voices so gentle, and hearts that are warm,
To cheer me when sorrow should come;
I know I've a shelter from ev'ry storm,—
In the smile that awaits me at home.
The frowns of the world, &c.

Gay and Happy,

I'M the girl that's gay and happy,
Wheresoe'er I chance to be;
And I'll do my best to please you,
If you will but list to me.

So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still ;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.

CHORUS.

So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still ;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise ;
Let me be contented, healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize.
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still ;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.

So let the wide world, &c.

The rich have cares we little know of,
All that glitters is not gold ;
Merit's seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely told.
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still ;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.

So let the wide world, &c.

If the President should sit beside me,
I'd sing my song with usual glee ;
Fools might laugh and knaves deride me,
Still I'd gay and happy be.

So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.
So let the wide world, &c

I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those that do well need not fear;
I love a man and like a woman,
What else makes this life so dear?
So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
I'll be gay and happy still.
So let the wide world, &c.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I'll scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendship's decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon, how soon they pass away,
Like flowers, like flowers in the wildwood,
That once bloom'd fresh and gay:
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for aye depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhoods happy, happy days.
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feeling now displays;
For, time hath chang'd for ever
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know, oh! never,
These sunny hours again.

Nell, the Little Belle.

As I took a promenade the other day,
My attention was attracted right away
By a pretty little Belle that said her name was Nell,
And she looked like the flowers in May.

I stepped up to the corner of the street,
Thinking by that I could meet
This pretty little Fairy, so beautiful and airy,
With number one gaiters on her feet.

CHORUS.

Oh! didn't she cut a swell,
This little dark-eyed Belle!
My love she is a darling little Belle,
She's as sweet as the lillies in the dell;
Her eyes so bright, her step so light;
Is my handsome little curley-headed Nell.

I followed her, I cannot tell you why;
But she had such a wicked-killing eye,
That Cupid, with his dart, made a capture of my heart,
As daintily she sailed on by.
I watched her to her home, and, at the door,
She stopped and smiled on me,
And, from her little glove she threw a kiss of love,
With a wicked little laugh at me.

Oh! didn't she, &c.

Soon after that I met her at a ball:
Oh! golly! you should have seen my style,
With Nellie on my arm! oh! she dances like a charm,
While her little heart is innocent of guile.
I told her of my love that very night,
And said: Will you be mine?
Oh! yes: said little Nell, but you must never tell,
And now we live down in shady dell.

Oh! didn't she, &c.

Meet Me in the Lane.

I'll meet thee in the lane,
When the clock strikes Nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
My heart for thee is burning,
My brain is almost whirling.
Thro' loving thee so madly,
My sweet Mountain Rose:
When evening stars are peeping,
Oh! then will be our meeting,
Old time too swiftly fleeting
Our happy time away.
I'll meet thee in the lane,
When the clock strikes nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
My heart for thee is burning,
My brain is almost whirling,
Thro' loving thee so madly,
My sweet Mountain Rose.

CHORUS.

I'll meet thee in the lane.
When the clock strikes nine,
In ecstacy again, love,
To call thee mine.
My heart for thee is burning,
My brain is almost whirling,
Thro' loving thee so madly,
My sweet Mountain Rose.

I'll leave thee in the lane,
When the clock strikes Ten,
And faithful will remain, love,
Believe me then:
Deceive thee! I will never,
And breath from me must sever,
If I forget thee ever,
My sweet Mountain Rose!
Thy presence care dispelling,
All other charms excelling,
Oh! what to grace my dwelling
As thee my Mountain Rose.

I'll meet thee, &c.

The Ixion Burlesque Song.

AS SUNG BY THE LISA WEBER TROUPE.—AIR: "MABEL WALTZ."

How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite;
It gathers honey all the day,
And eats it all at night.

Three little boys went out to play,
On a summer's day;
One fell in and he was drowned,
The others ran away.

A boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for Troy;
The ship went down and his hat blew off,
And his name was Pat Malloy.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.

If I see you and you see me,
We both see one another;
If I didn't see you and you didn't see me,
We wouldn't see one another.

A hunky boy in U. S. G.,
But this it is a shame,
That Johnny Bull does not come down
With the Alabama claim.

Supposing now that I was you,
Supposing you were me;
Supposing I was somebody else,
I wonder whose brother you'd be.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the butler ran away with the spoon.

Ain't I Sweet.

My good mama, she feels so sad,
And says I am a flirt,
Because I go to promenade
All in my walking skirt,
She thinks I ought to be ashamed
To go out in the street,
With clothes she says, all fussed and fixed,
To show my little feet!

CHORUS.

Ain't I sweet, ain't I sweet,
I know I'm sweet,
And have a right to promenade the street,
And glad I am there is a style
To show our pretty feet.

We want the sanction of the gents
In all our style of clothes,
And yet I love to please mama,
But more to please the beaux;
And ever thus you'll find it is,
When ladies walk the street,
They'll try and manage some good way,
To show their pretty feet!

Ain't I sweet, &c.

Our bonnets now are but a "mite,"
Tho' "mighty" dear they cost!
Beneath our furbelows and bows,
Our little forms are lost;
The tiny heels upon our shoes
They are so gay and neat,
And solely made you may be sure,
To show our handsome feet!

Ain't I sweet, &c.

With parasol above me held,
And no mania to see,
I fascinate the darling men
Where'er I chance to be!
O! what a charming lovely girl!
I hear them oft repeat.
To make their hearts go pit-a-pat,
I show my pretty feet!

Ain't I sweet, &c.

Walking in the Park.

THE style of thing for me,
When everything looks gay,
Is up in the Central Park,
To pass the time of day!
I shine my beaver up,
To have a genteel "lark,"
And with the other "birds,"
You'll find me in the Park!

CHORUS.

Walking in the Park, oh, walking in the Park,
There's nothing half so "nobby," O, as walking in the Park.
Walking in the Park, oh, walking in the Park,
There's nothing half so "nobby," O, as walking in the Park.

The ladies, bless them all,
They smile as I pass by,
Their hearts go pit-a-pat,
I make the darlings sigh!
The babies know me, too,
The little dogs they bark;
I'm just the gayest "swell,"
You'll meet in Central Park!

Walking in the Park, &c.

I patronize the Mall,
I stroll around the Lake,
I watch the dashing teams,
And try to keep awake;
My very languid air
The people all remark:
They ought to pay me well,
To ornament the Park!

Walking in the Park, &c.

ENCORE VERSE.

I've toddled in the "Zoo,"
I've footed down Broadway;
I've tried Fifth Aven-you,
When all was bright and gay;

But nothing's half so sweet,
Allow me to remark ;—
It beats them "ten-to-one,"
This walking in the Park !

Walking in the Park, &c.

I cannot Sing the Old Songs.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sung long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow ;
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart,
With each familiar strain,
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again ;
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep ;
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep ;
And though all unforgotton still,
And sadly sweet they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me ;
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again
Of golden dreams departed
And years of weary pain ;
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs,
For all eternity ;
My voice may know the old songs,
For all eternity.

Waiting for a Broadway Stage.

As up Broadway I strolled one day,
To see the styles pass by,
A pretty little girl I very soon met,
And she had such a roguish eye.
Her little short skirts in points hung down,
For that style's all the rage,
She was looking up and down with a pretty little frown,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!

CHORUS.

She was just about the girl that's all the rage;
Sweet sixteen was just her age:
I met her on the corner, it was there that first I saw her
Waiting for a Broadway stage.

She saw that I was looking at her,
When a sweet little smile, like a beam
Just played round her face, and with such ease and grace,
Why, like a little angel she did seem.
But I kept getting like any one in fear,
For my heart felt like a bird that's in a cage;
How I wished I'd never seen that handsome little queen,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!
She was just, &c.

But as the ice was broken, my hat, of course, I raised,
As the stage, that she required, soon came by;
When she said in tones so sweet, perhaps some time we'll meet,
As up the steps her little form did fly.

But I never since have seen her, so I wander in despair,
For it seems that since she left me 'twas an age,
But I never shall forget that little girl I met,
Waiting for a Broadway stage, oh!
She was just, &c.

La Perichole Letter Song.

Oh! never in language, my darling,
Could I tell thee how dear thou art;
Yet, ah! misery's all that we have, love,
And poverty chilleth the heart!

We cannot go on thus for ever,
No matter how solemn our vow;
'Twere better far, tho' broken-hearted,
'Twere better to separate now.

Oh! how can love's breathing be murmured,
By lips so thin and wan?
How can the old charm woo thee and win thee,
When that charm is withered and gone?

I am feeble, I am but woman,
And perhaps the moment is nigh,
When, with my last breath,
Oh! my own one, shall mingle love's latest sigh.

Thou'lt forgive me if my words vex thee,
But what I feel, that I must say;
Yet know, love, in want and in sorrow,
That I am thine, and thine always.

Yes! I love thee, and well thou knowest,
There never was affection more true;
And I love thee better and stronger,
In bidding thee ever adieu!

Beautiful Nell.

AIR: "BEAUTIFUL BELL."

Don't talk to me of pretty girls,
Of lovely woman, don't!
I'll never listen to a word,
I won't—no, that I won't!
There's not a beauty in the land,
To match my peerless belle,
I'll tell you all about my love,
My beautiful—my Nell.

WHISTLE.

Beautiful girl with beautiful eyes,
Bright as the morning and blue as the skies;
Beautiful teeth, and hair as well:
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Nell.

"We met; 'twas in a crowd,"
As some one somewhere sings;
The scene: a ball-room: where I marked
This angel wanting wings.
She floated in the gay quadrille,
Mazourkaed, polkaed as well;
But whirling wildly in the waltz,
The darling tripped and fell.

SPOKEN.—Exposing the smallest portion of the heel of a Cinderelly slipper, oh!

Beautiful girl, &c.

I picked her up tenderly,
And asked if she was hurt,
Conveyed her to an ottoman,
And then began to flirt.

She told me she was just eighteen,
  Was reading Martin Tupper,
Was fond of strolls in moon-lit groves,
  And thought she'd have some supper.
    Beautiful girl, &c.

At supper, lobster-salad, love,
  And chicken we discussed:
We gabbled and gobbled, as
  All supping lovers must;
We champagned, sherried and moselled,
  Each time the bottle past;
Methought each smile the darling gave,
  Was lovelier than the rest.
    Beautiful girl, &c.

I think, somehow, the wine I drank
  Had made me all amiss:
Or why—why was I fool enough
  To try and steal a kiss?
Oh! some one fetch my husband, do!
  She screamed out in a fright,
Married! by jingo! I exclaimed,
  And didn't flight by night!
    Beautiful girl, &c.

A sadder and a wiser man,
  I reached my home once more,
And madly raving at my lot,
  My raven hair I tore;
I'm wretched as a man can be,
  And farewell! oh! farewell
To that sweet, dear deceiving dream,
  My beautiful—my Nell.
    Beautiful girl, &c.

Out in the Streets.

Out in the streets, forsaken, alone,
No home to shelter me, friendless, unknown,
Weary of life, with its sorrows and cares,
Sick of its many temptations and snares;
Day follows day, yet I find no relief,
No one to pity my sadness and grief.
No gentle form lingers near when I sleep,
Even the stars seem to smile when I weep.

CHORUS.

Angel of mercy, I wait on thee now,
Death's chilling fingers are laid on my brow;
Charity sheds bitter tears when she meets
A poor lifeless wanderer "Out in the streets."

Out in the streets, this pitiless night,
Why need I watch for the coming of light?
Willing I'd part with this quivering breath,
Gladly I'd welcome the angel of death.
Why is it sinful to plunge in that stream?
Life is to me but a dark, troubled dream;
Yet if I wait for my summons to come,
Angels will bear me away to my home.
Angel of mercy, &c.

Don't you Go, Tommy.

You'll miss it, my boy, now mind what I say,
Don't spend all your money and time in that way,
There's no one but idlers that lounge about so,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

We're feeble and old, your mother and me ;
And kind as a mother has been should you be.
To whiskey shops, billiards, and cards bid adieu,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

CHORUS.

Don't you go, Tommy, don't go,
Stay at home, Tommy, don't go,
There's no one but idlers that lounge about so,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go, don't go.

Why won't you be steady, and work like a man,
I can't hold the plow, but will do what I can ;
There's so much to do, and our grain we must sow,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Besides there is corn and potatoes to plant,
You're young and can stand it, you know that I can't.
Let whiskey alone, for it grieves mother so,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

O Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go, &c.

We've watched o'er you, Tommy, in sweet infancy,
When angels were silently beckoning to thee ;
At midnight we've knelt by your cradle so low,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Be kind to us, Tommy, we'll soon pass away,
The farm will be yours at no distant day ;
Eternity's blessings you'll reap if you sow,
O Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go.

O Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go, &c.

Tommy's Return.

I missed it, dear father, most sadly, I know,
To cast all your counsels away,
To riot with idlers and lounge about so,
But judge not too harshly, I pray.
I'm wretched, degraded, and poor it is true,
And rags are my only array,
But to my transgressions I've bidden adieu,
Then, Father, forgive me, I pray!

CHORUS.

O welcome, my boy, O welcome back home,
No longer to sin or to roam;
The hearts that have loved you rejoice as you come,
We welcome, we welcome you home.

Dear Father, I come like the "Prodigal Son,"
I've sinned against heaven and thee;
I ask but a place in the old cottage home,
One more your own Tommy to be.
The fancies I cherished so fondly in youth,
Long, long since have vanished away,
The counsels you gave me, I found to be true,
Then, Father, forgive me, I pray!
O welcome, my boy, &c.

Again and again, I've repented in tears,
And prayed to my Father above,
My sins to forgive, to remove all my fears,
He heard me in mercy and love.
Forgiveness, dear Father and Mother, I crave,
For the sorrow I caused you to know,
For God in his mercy is able to save
Your Tommy from ruin and woe.
O welcome, my boy, &c.

The Rollicking Rams.

Button up your waistcoat, button up your shoes,
Have another liquor and throw away the blues,
Be like me, and good for a spree,
From now till the day is dawning.
For I am a member of the rollicking rams,
Come and be a member of the rollicking rams,
The only boys to make a noise,
From now till the day is dawning.
We scorn such drinks as lemonade, soda, seltzer, beer,
The liquors of our club I'd tell to you,
But I can't, for there's ladies here.
Come along, come along, come along.

CHORUS.

For I am a member of the rollicking rams,
Come and be a member of the rollicking rams;
Out all night till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning.

When once you're a member of the rollicking rams,
All things real, we have no shams,
Except good Champagne, good Champagne,
We drink till the day is dawning.
In all the pockets of the rollicking rams,
Each one puts a bottle of Cham.,
And on some doorstep sit and drink,
Till daylight in the morning.
With a pocket full of money the police make right,
To what we do they're blind,
Such as pulling down bells and breaking lamps,
For which we should be fined.
Come along, come along, come along.
For I am a, &c.

The milkman in the morning he knows us rams,
We follow up behind him and empty the cans,
Which down the area he has put,
For breakfast in the morning.
Upset a coffee stall as we go home,
With us our landladies pick a bone,
And get kicked out of house and home,
Without a moment's warning.
But we don't care, we're single men,
Not hampered with a wife;
So now, my friends, if you like the style,
Come and spend a noisy life.
Come along, come along, come along.
For I am a, &c.

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

I am Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I of-ten live beyond my means,
I sport young ladies in their teens,
To cut a swell in the army.
I teach the la-dies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance,
I teach the la-dies how to dance,
For I'm their pet in the army.

SPOKEN.—Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS.

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I give my horse good corn and beans;
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
Tho' a Captain in the ar-my.

I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun ;
When the enemy came then off I run,
I wasn't cut out for the army.
When I left home, mama she cried,
Mama she cried, mama she cried,
When I left home, mama she cried,
"He aint cut out for the army."

SPOKEN.—No, she thought I was too young, but then I said, ah! mama,

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, &c.

The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle sound made me quite ill,
At the balance step my hat it fell,
And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout,
They all cried out, they all did shout,
The officers they all did shout,
"Oh that's the curse of the army."

SPOKEN.—Of course my hat *did* fall off, but ah! nevertheless,

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, &c.

Mistress Jinks, Wife of Captain Jinks.

AIR: "CAPTAIN JINKS."

I am Mistress Jinks of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and I puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While my husband's in the army.

Where-e'er I go, I'm talked about,
I'm talked about, I'm talked about,
I wear the latest fashions out,
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN.—And why shouldn't I? Everybody that sees me, knows

CHORUS.

I am Mistress Jinks of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and I puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While the Captain's in the army.

I give my parties and my balls,
And 'tend to all my evening calls,
And buy the best I can find at Hall's,
While my husband's in the army.
I write to him and he writes to me,
He writes to me, he writes to me,
And says that I must happy be,
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN.—And why shouldn't I? He fights for his pay, I get it, and spend it; he's happy, so am I, for

I am Mistress Jinks, &c.

He says he'll get a furlough soon,
And come back home to stay till June,
Oh! won't I sing a different tune,
To my husband in the army.
I'll meet him then with kisses sweet,
With kisses sweet, with kisses sweet,
I'll hasten out of the door to meet,
With the Captain home from the army.

SPOKEN.—And why shouldn't I? Havn't I spent all his money? Owe large bills, house rent due, nothing to wear, hungry, and, well,

I am Mistress Jinks, &c.

Lady Jinks of the Foot Dragoons.

AIR: "CAPTAIN JINKS."

I'M Lady Jinks of the Foot Dragoons,
I promenade Saturday afternoons;
I give sly looks at the dandy coons,
Though my husband's in the army.
And as I pass along the street,
Along the street, along the street,
The Captain I am sure to meet,
Oh! he's the pet of the Army.

SPOKEN.—Yes, indeed! my dear Captain Jinks is the pet of the army, and of the fair sex also; he says I must not be jealous of the attention paid him by the ladies; I tell him certainly not, for every one knows

CHORUS.

Lady Jinks of the Foot Dragoons,
I promenade Saturday afternoons,
I give sly looks at the dandy coons,
Though my husband's in the army.

I met the Captain on parade,
When first on him my eyes I laid;
An exclamation then I made,
He's the handsomest man in the army!
He saw the conquest he had made,
That he had made, that he had made,
He heard the compliment I paid,
To him, the pride of the army.

SPOKEN.—I really did think he was the handsomest, and I think so yet for the matter of that; some people think I married him for the title of Lady, but not so; for it was love at first sight, if not, how could I be

Lady Jinks, &c.

Together we sometimes promenade,
And hear remarks about us made,
And often we have heard it said,
They're the pride and boast of the army.
The officers they also shout,
They also shout, they also shout,
The officers they all cry out,
Oh! they're the pride of the army.

SPOKEN.—I am quite positive we are the pride of the army, they all tell us so and why shouldn't we believe it; who hasn't heard of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines? And I hope, in the future, you will always warmly welcome, Yours most respectfully,

Lady Jinks, &c.

Miss Jinks' Sunday Out.

AIR: "CAPTAIN JINKS."

I'M Jenny Jinks, the kitchen maid,
Of hard work not at all afraid,
Nor yet particular to a shade,
But I must go out on Sundays.
Six days I work with all my might,
And keep the pots and kettles bright,
And put the cobwebs out of sight,
But I must go out on Sundays.

CHORUS.

I'm Jenny Jinks, the kitchen maid,
Of hard work not at all afraid,
Nor yet particular to a shade,
But I must go out on Sundays.

When first I went to take a place,
The lady looked me in the face,
And said, "Young girl, now state your case,
And what about your Sundays?"
"Ma'am, I can bake, it is quite true,
And I can cook an Irish stew,
And wash a shirt, and iron it too,
But I must go out on Sunday!"
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

"Indeed! why, then 'tis plain," said she,
"That you will never do for me!"
From her I then did take my leave,
Resolved to have my Sundays.
A dozen places more I tried,
Throughout great New York city wide,
But everywhere the ladies cried,
"We don't give 'outs' on Sunday!"
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

At last to bring the fates to book,
Some counsel with myself I took,
And got a place with Doctor Hook,
Who never mentioned Sundays.
But when came round of days the best,
In pink and green myself I dressed,
And sailed off gaily to the West,
Like other girls on Sunday.
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

With Corporal Tomkins of the "Blues,"
So handsome—six feet in his shoes—
I spent the day, did what I choose,
And planned for future Sundays.

But, fancy! when I homeward sped,
The family were all in bed,
Save one, who through the keyhole said,
"That's going out on Sundays."
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

Now, wasn't this a pretty plight?
No friends at hand, locked out all night,
And told it only served me right,
For going out on Sundays!
But worse, because I kicked the door,
"Police!" was called, there came up four,
Who took me to—I'll say no more,
But it wasn't a place for Sundays.
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

So here I am again you see,
A girl of famous industry,
And one who loves her liberty,
But most of all on Sundays!
Who wants a servant? Sir, do you?
I'll cook, clean, bake, wait, scrub for you;
Darn, stitch, wash, starch and iron, too—
But I must go out on Sundays.
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

One word before you answer, pray—
This much about myself I say,
To reconcile you to my way
Of going out on Sundays:
I'll not waste aught that's worth a pin,
Nor ever let a Policeman in,
To pick your bones or drink your gin,
But I must go out on Sundays.
I'm Jenny Jinks, &c.

Norah N'Neal.

Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
That I love you, sweet Norah O'Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
My love I will never conceal;
Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Norah O'Neal!

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Norah, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal!
Oh! don't think that ever, &c.

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?
Or why to let hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? Oh! say will you meet me,
With a kiss at the foot of the lane?
And I promise, whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.
Oh! don't think that ever, &c.

What Norah Said.

REPLY TO "NORAH O'NEAL."

Is it lonely ye are then without me?
Only wait, and I'll come bye-and-bye,
For meself's just entirely as lonely,
And, darling, I give sigh for sigh.
If the glance of my eye's like the star, love,
If my voice sweetly sounds on your ear,
In your own looks of love my eyes brighten,
And my voice tender grows when you're near.

CHORUS.

Is it lonely ye are then without me?
Only wait, and I'll come bye-and-bye,
For meself's just entirely as lonely,
And, darling, I give sigh for sigh.

Sure the nightingale's notes are delightful,
When he warbles, at night, in the wood,
And if birds taught us, colleens, love's language,
He's the sweet little birdie that could.
But it wasn't from him I learnt singing,
Not from nightingale, no, nor from dove;
'Tis my heart in my voice makes the music,
When I see the dear boy that I love.
Is it lonely ye are then, &c.

Then, my darling, oh! speak not of sorrow,
To her heart's core your Norah is true,
She knows, Dennis dear, that you love her,
And, Dennis, you know, she loves you.
And would ye then wait till to-morrow?
While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
And the lane and the kiss so convanient,
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-night!

And would ye then wait till to-morrow?
While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
And the lane and the kiss so convanient,
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-night!

A Matrimonial Swindle.

FEELING lonely as a bachelor,
Sick of single life,
I determined just to advertise,
To obtain a wife.
Answers eighty-six received,
Which soon I did peruse,
One signed, "A rose without a thorn,"
I immediately did choose.

An interview appointed then,
The first of April was the day,
When I started, all my feelings were
Of a matrimonial way.
Arrived at the appointed place,
A voice accosted me,
With "Mr. Green, Sir, I believe,
The 'rose without a thorn' you see.

Just wait a moment I entreat,
This parcel for me hold."
The rose without a thorn again
I never did behold;
On the parcel there was tied a note,
Addressed it was to me,
That I was made an April fool,
Too plainly I could see,

It said within, that I should find,
Kicking and alive,
Such a darling little rose-bud,
With me she hoped 'twould thrive;

From the parcel there soon came
A plaintive little squall,
I shook just like an autumn leaf,
Thought that I should fall.

Home I arrived, sent for a nurse,
Who came and kissed the child,
The image of me 'twas, she said,
Which made me precious wild.
Said I, its ma I never saw
But once in all my life,
"That was once too often, perhaps," she said,
"Pray Sir, where's your wife?"

"My wife, aye, there's the rub," said I,
"For one this week did advertise;
The wife turned out to be a blank,
And this child was the prize."
So bachelors I would advise,
When you seek a wife,
In a paper do not advertise,
Or you'll rue it all your life.

Polly Perkins's Answer.

AIR: "POLLY PERKINS."

Now I'm the Polly Perkins
That once used to be,
But now I'm Polly Tickle,
Since Tickle wedded me;
Now, I was a housemaid,
No better was seen,
And I lived with a gentleman,
On Kennington Green.

CHORUS.

I was as beautiful a girl
As ever was seen,
So said the chalk-and-water milkman,
Of Kennington Green.

Chalk-and-water came a courting,
Vowed he loved me;
His love was in the "milky way,"
No brighter star was he;
His words were like butter,
But the cream of this joke,
He stuttered and stammered
Whenever he spoke.

I was as, &c.

A good milk walk he had,
His custom was good,
To marry him directly,
Asked me that I would;
I answered immediate,
Don't talk such stuff,
For me, Mr. Sky Blue,
You're not good enough.

I was as, &c.

The man I shall marry,
Must have plenty of gold,
Both young and handsome,
And tremendous bold;
He sobbed and he cried,
As he did depart,
Like unto butter,
You've melted my heart.

I was as, &c.

So the chalk-and-water milkman,
So it does appear,
Is a-running down Tickle,
So I do hear.
He'd better mind his business,
And his milk, too,
The first time I see him,
I shall let him to know.

I was as, &c.

Beautiful Sunlight.

BEAUTIFUL sunlight, dearer art thou,
And lovelier far than the night's sable brow;
How sweet 'tis to feel the glad warmth of thy beam,
As it dances alike o'er valley and stream.
Beautiful sunlight, it telleth of mirth,
Of joy and of hope to the dew-drenched earth;
'Neath its smile flowers bloom and perfume the gale,
And the birds gaily warble their songs thro' the dale.

They may call the night lovely, but sweeter to me
Is the sun-lighted morn and the hum of the bee;
The pale sister moon may shine bright and serene,
But how chill are the beams which she casts on the scene.
Beautiful sunlight, dearer art thou,
And lovelier far than the night's sable brow;
How sweet 'tis to feel the glad warmth of thy beam,
As it dances alike o'er valley and stream.

The Lost Child.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christen'd High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry,
That chill'd my very blood.
Out from a court, like one possest,
A woman ran with heaving breast,
She turn'd her east, she turn'd her west,
And then bounced through the mud.
At length her pent up frenzy 'gan to reach
That boiling point just capable of speech ;
And with a cry as wild as ocean bird's,
With loud exclaim she gave her sorrow words :

"O Lord! oh dear! my heart will break! I shall go stick, stark, staring wild!
Has ever-a-one seen anything like a lost-looking, crying child?
Lawk help me! I don't know where to look or run, if I only knew which way,
But a child as is lost in the Seven Dials, is like a needle in a bundle of hay.

CHORUS.

Oh! will no one tell me where he's gone?
My bursting heart with grief is torn,
I wish I never had been been born!
I've lost, I've lost my child!

"The last time as ever I see him was with my own two blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting, as good as gold, in the gutter, a-making of little dirt pies.

Why should he leave the court, where he was better
off than all the other boys?
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster shells, and
a dead kitten, by way of toys.

Oh! will no one tell me, &c.

"Do, good people, move on! and don't be staring like
a parcel of stupid stuck pigs!
Saints forbid! perhaps he's inveigled up a court for
the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd got on nearly all his best, and they wasn't so
very much tore,
His jacket and breeches cost eighteen-pence, but I
shan't see them nor him any more.

Oh! will no one tell me, &c.

"He's got on a very good pinafore, with two slits and
a burn on the breast,
But his shirt, it's lucky I'd in the wash-tub, or it
might have gone with the rest.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in,
and not so much jagged in the brim;
With one shoe off, and the other shoe's a boot, and
not a fit, and you'll know it by that, if it's him.

Oh! will no one tell me, &c.

"And if I called him a beauty it's no lie! but only as
a mother ought to speak;
I never set eyes on a handsomer face, only it hasn't
been washed for a week.
As for his hair, though it's red, it's the nicest hair
when I've time just to show it the comb.

I'll owe him five pounds and a blessing besides, as will bring him safe and sound home.

Oh! will no one tell me, &c.

"He's blue eyes, not to call'd a squint, though a little cast he has got,
And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke by falling over a pewter pint pot.
Oh! I'd give the wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longing eyes on his face;
He's my darling of darlings, and if he don't come back, you'll see me fall dead in this here place!

Oh! will no one tell me, &c.

"I only wish I'd got him safe in these arms, oh! wouldn't I hug and kiss him;
I never thought how precious he was, but a child don't feel like a child till you miss him.
Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as certain as sin;
But just let me get him by the scruff of his neck, and I won't leave a whole bone in his skin.

"Oh! you little varmint, aint I riled!
But saints be praised! I've found my child;
With joy I shall go almost wild,
I've found, I've found my child.
I've found my child, I've found my child,
I've found my child, I've found my child."

Can I E'er Forget the Valley; or

MY GOOD OLD FATHER'S MILL?

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or the gentle, rippling rill,
Whose unwearied waters wander'd,
Through my good old father's mill?
Where oft in happy childhood,
The liquid brook I'd leap,
Or roam at will the wild wood,
Or climb the craggy steep.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or those friends to mem'ry dear,
Who at eventide surrounded
The easy elbow chair?
The group of happy faces,
In fancy still I see,
But, ah! their vacant places
Alone remain for me.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or the ivy-mantled pile,
Where those much loved forms now moulder
Within its sacred aisle?
Though fortune's choicest treasure
Be mine where'er I roam,
Can that restore the pleasure,
Of childhood's happy home?

The First Offer of Marriage.

MAMMA! do come here for a moment,
Such fun, oh! I surely shall die;
The Major's just gone, and, what think ye,
All the morning did nothing but sigh.
Oh, he is such a dear fellow,
And, you know, has plenty of gold;
Besides, he has made me an offer,
But I wish he was not quite so old.

CHORUS.

Oh dear, I'm quite in a hurry,
Where's Papa, Henrietta and Rose?
They'll scarcely believe when I tell
The Major came here to propose.

But now, dear Mamma just consider
How very delightful 'twill be,
The clothes and the jewels he'll give me,
And the sights he will take me to see.
To-morrow, at half-past eleven,
He will come, let it snow, hail or rain,
When he's promised to bring me a present—
A beautiful gold watch and chain.

Oh dear, &c.

There's Lord Henry Grey and Sir Edward,
How highly annoyed they will feel;
For now I've accepted the Major,
They'll sometimes come short of a meal.
Think how often you've given a dinner,
A soiree, a supper and ball,
And after so many expenses,
They have given us a short morning call.

Oh dear, &c.

I really can't think how I've caught him,
What a fortunate girl I must be;
But I made up my mind I would have him,
The first time he came here to tea.
Do you think I had nearly forgotten,
Dear Mamma, what you told me to say,
About ten thousand pounds he must settle
On me on my wedding day.
Oh dear, &c.

Now, Mamma, pray do order the carriage,
Indeed, I must go for a drive;
I'm determined to call on the Gordons,
The Melvilles, the Foleys and Clives.
And then we will come back to dinner,
And afterwards go to the play,
Where, perhaps, we shall meet the dear Major,
To finish this fortunate day.
Oh dear, &c.

Pretty Little Sarah, or $7 a Week.

My heart is like a pumpkin, swollen big with love,
For one of the fairest girls in creation!
She is too good for me, though I am far above
The drudgery and ill-paid of my station.
Her father keeps a butcher's shop, on the Harlem road;
For this little virgin, of love I've got a load:
I've spent a fortune on her, but of that I only speak:
For what a fortune I must have on Seven dollars a-week.

CHORUS.

Pretty little Sarah, lovely golden hair,
Her beauty jealous maidens will be scorning;
She ought to be an angel, and if only rich I were,
I'd marry her so early in the morning.

The first time that I met her, 'twas in the pouring rain,
I proffered her my arm and umbrella;
She looked with a smile; I said I'd see her home;
She thanked me with a voice so low and mellow.
When we arrived at home, she said she'd ask me in,
But her parents they were poor. Said I: Poverty's no sin.
No doubt she thought me rich, but of course I didn't speak,
For I was doing my heavy on Seven dollars a-week.

Pretty little Sarah, &c.

She's got a little ankle, she's got a little foot,
And pretty little fingers running taper;
Her waist is round and small, her mouth is best of all,
With ruby lips not twice as thick as paper.
She's always dressed in silks, her notions they are high;
Although her features small, her bearing's in the sky.
When she belongs to me, of course, I never speak,
What lots of silks she'll get from me on Seven dollars a-week.

Pretty little Sarah, &c.

Her parents they are poor, but she's a milliner,
And earns large wages in the city:
Some she gives her mother for her keep and board,
The rest she spends on clothes to make her pretty.
She never saves a cent, though to me she says she will,
To pay the expense of marriage is a sugar-coated pill;
And should we have a family—but too soon I must not speak—
A wife and fourteen children on Seven dollars a-week!

Pretty little Sarah, &c.

The Flying Trapeze.

ONCE I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn—
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
The girl that I loved, she was handsome—
I tried all I knew, her to please;
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Like that man upon the Trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
A daring young man on the flying Trapeze—
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please,
And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang;
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang;
Where'er he appeared, the hall loudly rang—
With ovation from all people there.
He'd smile from the bar on the people below;
And, one night, he smiled on my love,
She winked back at him, and he shouted: Bravo!
As he hung by his nose up above.
He'd fly through the air, &c.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
And very hard tried to make her my own bride.
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.
'Twas all of no avail: she went there every night,
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her: how he ran me down,
To tell you would make a whole page.
He'd fly through the air, &c.

One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home,
Found there her mother and father alone ;
I asked for my love : and soon they made known,
To my horror, that she'd run away !
She'd packed up her box and eloped, in the night,
With him, with the greatest of ease :
From two stories high, he had lowered her down,
To the ground, on his flying Trapeze
He'd fly through the air, &c.

Some months after this, I went to a hall,
Was greatly surprised to see, on the wall,
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him!
He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the Trapeze!

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying Trapeze.
She does all the work, while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love !

Not for Joseph.

I've seen a bit of gaiety throughout my short career.
I once was foolish with my tin, but I've paid most dear ;
If folks would seek to take me in, they find it is no go ;
I'm almost up to every thing : You can't get over Joe.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear, no! not for Joe—if he knows it—not for Joseph.
Oh! dear, no! not for Joe—not for Joseph—oh! dear, no!

The other day I met a friend, we passed the time of day,
And chatted gaily down Broadway: but ere I went away,
I kindly asked the learned swell to take a parting drain,
Oh! yes, said he, I think I will: then let it be champagne.

SPOKEN.—No, you don't, my dear fellow, you don't get champagne out of Joseph.

Oh! dear, no! not, &c.

Some time ago, a friend of mine, he asked me out to dine,
And there he introduced me to one he called divine:
He said she'd make a charming wife, and had such lots of tin:
A widow, only forty-two: go in my boy, and win.

SPOKEN.—Matrimony and lots of money, and a widow only forty-two—well, the money is very good, but then—the widow.

Oh! dear, no! not, &c.

Of late, in town, there was a fuss about the Japs so grand;
And also of the Russians, who visited our land;
And the country-companies we greeted with hearty cheers,
We know they have been received well by the New York Volunteers.

SPOKEN.—What a glorious thing it is to fight and die for your country! What can be more glorious than a bullet in your eye? What can be more painful than a bullet in the eye? Nothing, I should think—

Oh! dear, no! not, &c.

And now, perhaps, I've sung my song, you might be in the cue,
To show your kind acknowledgment, but that with me won't do;
As for to-night, I've done my best, and that you ought to know:
So, if you want a song again, don't try it on with Joe!

Oh! dear, no! not, &c.

The Big Sun-Flower.

THERE is a charm, I can't explain,
About a girl I've seen,
And my heart beats fast when she goes past,
In a dark dress trimmed with green.
Her eyes are bright as evening stars,
So lovely and so shy,
And the folks all stop and look around
Whenever she goes by.

CHORUS.

And I feel just as happy as a big Sun-flower,
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is as light as the wind that blows
The leaves from off the treeses.

As time passed on and we became
  Like friends of olden time,
I thought the question I would pop
  And ask her to be mine.
But the answer I received next day,
  How could she treat me so,
For instead of being mine for life,
  She simply answered, No.
And I feel, &c.

I called next day, dressed in my best,
  My fair one for to see,
And asked her if she would explain
  Why she had jilted me.
She said she really felt quite sad,
  To cause me such distress,
And when I said, Now do be mine,
  Why of course she answered, Yes.
And I feel, &c.

The Gypsy's Warning.

Trust him not, O gentle lady,
  Though his voice be low and sweet,
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
  Softly pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning :
  Cloud not this thy happy lot ;
Listen to the Gypsy's warning,
  Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and like thee fair;
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
He cared not her life to save!
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave!

Lady, turn not from me so coldly:
For I have only told the truth,
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee—now beware.

Take your gold, I do not want it,
Lady, I have prayed for this,
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder
At my look so fierce and wild,
Lady, in the church-yard yonder,
Sleeps the Gypsy's only child.

Do not Heed Her Warning.

ANSWER TO THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

Lady, do not heed her warning,
Trust me, thou shalt find me true ;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe ;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish,
In this world of storm and blast ;
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night ;
So would he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness, be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark-green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps :
In the morn, a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours,
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her wanring,
Lay thy soft white hand in mine :
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

Swinging in the Lane.

How oft we talked of childhood's joys,
Of tricks we used to play
Upon each other, while at school,
To pass the time away.
But, oh! how often have I longed
For those bright days again,
When little rosy Nell and I
Went swinging in the lane!

CHORUS.

But yet I'd give the world to be
With rosy Nell again,
I never, never will forget
Our swinging in the lane!

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brooks,
With spools of thread for fishing-lines,
And bended pins for hooks;
They sometimes wished me with them, but
They always wished in vain;
I'd rather be with rosy Nell,
A-swinging in the lane.
But yet I'd, &c.

But soon a cloud of sorrow came—
A strange young man, from town,
Was introduced to rosy Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown.
She stayed away from school next day—
The truth to me was plain—
She'd gone with that there city chap,
A-swinging in the lane.
But yet I'd, &c.

Now all young men with tender hearts,
Pray take advice from me:
Don't be so quick to fall in love
With every girl you see;
For if you do, you soon will find
You've only loved in vain;
She'll go off with some other chap,
A-swinging in the lane.
But yet I'd, &c.

Walking in the Zoo.

THE Stilton, sir, the cheese, the O. K. thing to do,
On Sunday afternoon, is to toddle in the Zoo;
Week-days may do for Cads, but not for me and you,
So dress'd right down the road, we show them who is who.

CHORUS.

The walking in the Zoo, walking in the Zoo,
The O. K. thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo, walking in the Zoo,
The O. K. thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

So when there came to town, my pretty cousin L.,
I took her off to spend a Sunday at the Zoo;
I show'd her the aquarium, the tiger, the Zebu,
The elephant, the eland, that cuss the kangaroo.

CHORUS.

That Sunday in the Zoo, that Sunday in the Zoo,
It's jolly with a pretty girl walking in the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo, walking in the Zoo,
The O. K. thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

I show'd her the swellesses, and all the fashions new,
Girls with golden locks, girls with black hair too,
(Walnut gives the black, champagne the golden hue,)
All the beautiful for ever that Madame Rachel knew.

CHORUS.

Oh! the walking in the Zoo, walking in the Zoo,
The monkeys put us to the blush on Sunday at the Zoo.
Walking in the Zoo, walking in the Zoo,
The O. K. thing on Sunday is the walking in the Zoo.

So in the monkey house our going in to woo,
Piling up the agony, swearing to be true;
Agony, indeed, for the cheerful cockatoo,
Caught my ear a nip, and bit it through and through.

CHORUS.

Oh! that cheerful cockatoo, that awful cockatoo,
The horror and the agony that Sunday in the Zoo.

Bitter Beer.

THE subject of my little song,
Is one I hold most dear,
It supports out constitution,
And it will for many a year.
John Bull would surely be defunct,
Or else look rather queer,
If Bass & Co. should cease to brew
Their glorious "Bitter Beer."*

CHORUS.

Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deserve a monument, so
give them while we're here,
Three cheers for Bass and Allsop, and their glorious
"Bitter Beer."

I've tasted "Hock" and Claret too,
Madeira and Moselle;
Not one of those boshy wines
Revives this languid swell.
Of all complaints from "A to Z,"
The fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured
By Bass's "Bitter Beer."
Allsop, Bass & Co., &c.

I've lived in Scotland many years,
And drank its mountain dew,
I don't deny but what it's good,
And a stimulant, it's true.
I'm far from being prejudiced,
As many think, I fear,
But give to me a cooling draught
Of Bass's "Bitter Beer."
Allsop, Bass & Co., &c.

* Pronounced "Bit-tah Bee-ah."

The Yaller Gal that Winked at Me.

(As sung by the Weber Troupe.)

Your attention I ask for a while,
To a song I'm going to sing you,
It's about a pretty yaller gal I met while I was walking,
And she threw such a glance at me—

She was pretty and sweet as a flower,
Such clothes you never did see—
She'd a darling little bonnet with a flower-garden on it,
Had the yaller gal that winked at me.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! she looked so sweet and she dressed so neat,
With her tilting-hoops and pretty little feet,
As she went skipping along.
Pretty little yaller gal I met while I was walking,
As she skipped across the gutter, my heart went in a flutter,
For the yaller gal that winked at me.

I immediately asked her name,
And she said it was Lucinda;
She said I was a stunner, and for life that I had won her,
And that married we should be.
So, I'd dress up, and I'd walk by her house,
Every afternnon, about three,
And I'd glance up at the window, for to see my dear Lucinda,
She's the yaller gal that winked at me.
Oh, my! she looked, &c.

Oh! you should have seen her, on her wedding day—
She was handsome as a Venus—
When the Parson made us one, ah! then the thing was done,
And I never felt so happy in my life.
So I've bought a little place out of town—
If you go by, step in and see—
You'll be welcomed by a wife that's as dear to me as life,
She's the yaller gal that winked at me.
Oh, my! she looked, &c.

The Sausage Machine.

A horrible tale I'm about to unfold,
Of a certain Pork Butcher, who sausages sold,
Who from morning till night always did such a trade,
That his sausages were by machinery made.
Little children who lived in the neighbourhood round,
By dozens were lost and could never be found ;
Till at length he one morning was bowled out quite clean,
When he chopped up a man in his Sausage Machine.

Mr. Grabem, an officer, once to him went,
With a writ that the Sheriff had issued for rent ;
Bone sharpened his knife aud said with a grin,
"Are you quite sure that nobody saw you come in?"
Mr. Grabem said, "Yes." Then said Bone with a shout,
"I'll take deuced good care no one sees you come out."
Then he, with a sharp knife, Grabem's head cut off clean,
And then flung him into the Sausage Machine !

In a very few moments poor Grabem was ground
Into savoury sausages, four-pence a pound ;
Bone flavored him up with pepper and spice,
The customers thought that they smelt very nice ;
And hundreds that day helped poor Grabem to eat,
And a luxury thought it to get such a treat ;
And at eight o'clock, made into hot pork pies,
He, with baked beans, made a good supper for boys.

No one need have known what did Grabem befall,
Had not Bone, like a flat, chopped him up clothes and all.
Some folks went back to him and said, very wroth,
"We never knew sausages were made out of cloth!"

While others did say, "He was worse than a brute,
To imagine that they could digest an old boot;"
Said they, "They're naught else but brace buttons and
rags,—
No wonder that folks call 'em 'Mystery bags.'"

As Grabem was missing and couldn't be found,
One of his fellow-mates to Bone's shop went round;
It must have been instinct by which he could tell,
He the sausages eyed as if he knew them well.
He purchased a pound and them home with him took,
But he thought he'd dissect them before he'd them
cook;
And the very first one that he laid on his plate,
Was enough to convince him of poor Grabem's fate.

From the sausage he drew, with a terrible frown,
The writ that poor Grabem had taken to bone;
While out from another, a portion he took,
Of the hand he so often in friendship had shook.
He, to Bone's, like a man of his senses bereft,
Went and seized all the sausages he had got left;
But Bone, 'stead of standing it out like a brick,
Hung himself to a hook, and the bucket did kick.

Twelve Jurymen then on the sausages sat,
And this was the verdict they did arrive at:
"We find Mr. Grabem has been chopped up clean,
By being thrown into a Sausage Machine;
And as prime beef sausages have been purveyed,
And the purchasers thus have been cannibals made."
When you're sausages eating, you'll oft think, I ween,
Of poor Grabem's fate, and the Sausage Machine.

"Mamma Won't Bring Me Out."

AIR: "EARLY IN THE MORNING."

OH! I am a horrid pet,
Mammas are such a stupid set;
The live-long day I fret and pout,
Because mamma won't bring me out.

CHORUS.

Heigho! it's so provoking,
Heigho! it's so provoking,
Heigho! it's so provoking,
My ma won't bring me out.

Next birthday sixteen I shall be,
I'm big enough for twenty-three;
In proportion I am stout,
And yet mamma won't bring me out.
Heigho! it's, &c.

There's Angelina Clara Green,
Only just turned seventeen,
Allowed to go to ball or rout,
And yet mamma won't bring me out.
Heigho! it's, &c.

As James the footman said one night,
If I eloped, 'twould serve ma right;
And John, the groom, when riding out,
Declared ma ought to bring me out.
Heigho! it's, &c.

Heigho! oh dear, what shall I do—
Gentlemen, I appeal to you;
Your opinion, if prejudice without,
If fit for ma to bring me out.
Heigho! it's, &c.

But oh! how joyous it would be,
A gentleman to fancy me;
Mamma, then, I would do without,
My husband he would bring me out.
That would be charming,
That would be charming,
That would be charming,
Now who will bring me out?

Ah! that Blush hath Told the Story.

Ah! that blush hath told the story,
Which thy lips would fain conceal,
And hath painted in bright colors,
What thy pure heart doth feel.
'Tis in vain thy eyelids drooping,
Seek to hide the flame divine,
For thy cheeks' bright crimson roses
Say that pure heart is mine.

Thy soft hand in mine linger'd,
Whilst my love I strove to tell;
Yet no answering pressure told me
That thy heart approved it well.
Nor hath word or act betrayed thee
Cold hath been each look of thine;
But that blush hath told the story,
And I know thy heart is mine.

Gay Young Clerk in a Dry-Goods Store.

Oh listen now, and I'll sing a song,
How are you ladies, howdy?
I'll sing it all, for it won't take long,
Ah! ladies, ha-ha!
It's about a chap, perhaps you know,
I'm told he is "Nobody's beau,"
But may be you all knew that before,
He's a lively clerk in a dry-goods store.

CHORUS.

Oh! Agustus Dolphus is his name,
From Skiddymadink they say he came,
He's a handsome man, and he's proud and poor,
This gay young clerk in a dry-goods store.

His eyes they are of a dark sky-blue,
How are you, ladies, howdy?
His hair light brown, and his mustache too,
Ah! ladies, ha-ha!
Add he wears eye-glasses on his nose,
And he never looks down at his toes,
For fear he'll fall on a cellar door,
This dashing clerk in a dry-goods store.

Oh! Augustus, &c.

He wears side-whiskers on his jaws,
How are you, ladies, howdy?
Won't none of you hear him for his cause?
Ah! ladies, ha-ha!
Why almost every lady knows
He's a nice young man, for he wears good clothes,
He's a handsome chap as I said before,
He's a gay young clerk in a dry-goods store.

Oh! Augustus, &c.

He smiles at all the girls he meets,
How are you, ladies, howdy?
And you smile at him on the crowded streets,
Ah! ladies, ha-ha!
Why don't you make him "come to taw?"
I know he wants a mother-in-law;
Do as your parents did before,
You, and the clerk in the dry-goods store.
Oh! Augustus, &c.

Bad Luck to the Day.

Bad luck to the day that I left the ould sod!
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
A spot that is dearer my feet never trod,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
It's sighin' I am all the night and the day,
For my own darling home beyant the wide say!
Och hone! why did I sail away?
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!

They told me the streets were all covered with gold,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
But when I arrived, by the powers I was sold,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
I sigh for the pigs and the whiskey galore,
But my Kathleen's bright eyes I sigh for still more!
Och hone! why did I sail away?
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!

I'm roving about for I never can rest,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
My heart is a bird that is robbed of its nest,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!

My cabin at home, though it's poor it may be,
Sure the mud on its walls is precious to me!
Och hone! why did I sail away?
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!

Ould Ireland, my jewel, I'm coming to you,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
Bad luck to the day that I bid you adieu,
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!
My pipe in my mouth, my shillelagh to fling,
Sure I wouldn't at home change place wid a king!
Och hone! why did I sail away?
Batherashin, batherashin, batherashin, bother!

Broken English.

I am one bully Zouave man,
Americans I greet!
For I have been to New York once,
And lodge in Broadway street.
I spoke not much American,
Pardon if I am frank;
I am your most obedient,
For I like much ze Yank.

I like ver' mooch your big hotel,
Your steamboats and big lakes;
Your Indian corns and pumskin pies,
Fish-balls and buckram cakes.
And zen your charmant lager beer,
Zem Dutchmen drink by pails;
But I like most your Yankee girls,
And what you call cock-tails.

I welcome you to la belle France,
Our brilliant, gay Paris!
For here is center'd all ze world,
Its beauties for to see:
For ev'ry street is magnifique,
But view them near or far;
The Champs Elysees promenade,
Upon les Boulevards.

Zis glorious entente cordiale
Vill make us brozers true;
We'll faithful be to Jonathan,
And you shall love "Mossoo."
Wiz such a splendid alliance,
We'll have no famille jars;
For when you shout, "Vive l'Empereur!"
We'll wave your stripes and stars.

The Kiss.

One kiss in parting, dearest, allow it,
'Tis for thee, 'tis for thee, 'tis for thee;
Lips like a ruby tempt to bestow it,
Shall it be? shall it be? shall it be?
One kiss, only one, what will it cost?
If you allow it, nothing is lost.
Chief of my blisses, I shall receive,
Such gentle kisses—easy to give.
One kiss not amiss is a loving kiss,
If you bestow it no one will know;
Blessed in receiving, blessed to bestow—
No one is near, no one will see, no one will hear.

Do not refuse it, such pleasure giving,
Too quickly passing, not one trace leaving ;
Grudge not the treasure—are you a miser ?
Doth it surprise her one craves it so ?
Sweet seal of friendship, fair sign of love,
Why should one not prize it, far more than money ?
Sweet is the fragrant flower stored with honey.
No more delaying, love, give it to me,
Ah, do ! ah, do ! ah, do ! ah, do !
One little kiss, ah ! can you refuse it ?
You who bestow it little will lose,
Ah ! don't refuse, ah ! don't refuse.

The Beautiful Waltzer.

The ball-room's the place where Cupid can sport,
Where many a heart has been heedlessly caught,
In clasping a hand, or in circling around,
So many a fellow his future has found.
I'm one of the number just caught in the snare,
The last ball it cost me full many a care ;
I think of one only, so lovely is she,
That beautiful waltzer who danced with me.

CHORUS.

The beautiful waltzer who danced with me,
Danced with me, danced with me ;
I'm sure that an equal I never shall see,
To the beautiful waltzer who danced with me.

Her foot was encased in the smallest of shoes,
And I think that her gloves must have been number twos;
Her dress, to describe it indeed it were vain,
For just fifty yards did she have to her train;
Her hair it was fixed in the latest of styles,
Her face was adorned with the sweetest of smiles;
Of all who were there but one could I see,
'Twas the beautiful waltzer who danced with me.

When supper was ready I acted my best,
In serving my charmer, and slighting the rest;
I clasped her white hand and wished it were mine,
I nibbled the dainties and sipped at the wine;
I wished that forever our supper might last,
For she said how delightful the time it had passed;
When a gent advanced quickly and took her from me,
For his wife was the waltzer who danced with me.

The Afternoon We Met.

One afternoon in the month of June,
About the hour of three,
My heart went with a charming girl,
Who smiled as she passed by me.
I saw her drop by accident
A dainty little glove;
I picked it up, and she gave me
A winning glance of love.

CHORUS.

And she smiled the sweetest smile ;
Ah, you should have seen her style,
She's the prettiest little creature ever seen,
She's her mamma's only pet ;
I often think of the happy time,
And the afternoon we met.

She thanked me then, and asked me if
Some evening I would call,
And take her to the opera,
Or to a fancy Ball.
I bade good-by, with a heavy sigh,
To this pretty little queen ;
She waved her fan and left me, oh !
'Twas like a fairy dream.
And she smiled, &c.

In the ball-room next I met her,
And there she held full sway ;
We danced, and then I asked her
If she'd be mine some day.
She whispered, " Yes," so sweetly,
As I clasped her to my breast,
That's why I'm dressed so gay and fine,
Now can't you guess the rest?
And she smiled, &c.

Is there Room Among the Angels?

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly
As my story-books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary,
Mary numbered with the dead?

CHORUS.

Tell me once again, dear mother,
Tell your darling little child,
Is there room among the angels,
In their loving arms so mild?

I have sorely tried you, mother—
Been to you a constant care;
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair!
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her;
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me once, &c.

I was not so wayward, mother—
Not so very, very bad,
But your tender love would nourish
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearn for pure affection
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal
In that land where I must go.
Tell me once, &c.

There is no More Night than Day.

AH! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
For taking the world together, my dear,
There is no more night than day;
We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

CHORUS.

Then don't be sorrowful, darling,
Don't be sorrowful, pray;
For taking the year together, my dear,
There is no more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There is no more cloud than sun.
When we have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.
Then don't be, &c.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night, as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way;
Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim—
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.
Then don't be, &c.

I Love a Little Damsel.

I love a little damsel with a pretty little face,
And she's jumped in my affections, in my heart she stole a place;
She dresses neat and stylish, the men they sigh and stare,
She knows they're dead in love with her, and yet she does not care,
For I'm the one she fancies, though you may not think it true,
But if you knew our meeting-place, you'd often see us two;
I'm sure we love each other, and I'm her only beau;
We've got a little trysting-place, and wouldn't you like to know?

CHORUS.

For the girls they are so very fascinating,
Our affections they are always captivating,
With their flirting and their pouting they deceive you,
But really this is not the case with me.

Her father he's an artist, her mother takes in clothes,
While my handsome little charmer, to help along, she sews.
I go down to her mansion, I sit and hold the thread,
And over that there's many a kiss and loving word been said.
We talk like most of lovers, and coo like turtle-doves,
I've spent my weekly income in perfume, and fans, and gloves.
Last night I popped the question, and on one knee did go;
Her answer was—I dare not tell—but wouldn't you like to know?

For the girls, &c.

My heart is like a feather, I scarce know what to do,
My sweetheart, like her lover, says she feels contented, too ;
But perhaps you'll slightly wonder what makes our spirits high ;
It is because we are engaged to be married bye-and-by.
Perhaps you'd like to see us when to the church we walk,
For among the upper circles the match is all the talk.
I love to think my sweetness will then no longer sew,
Her name I must not tell you—but wouldn't you like to know ?

For the girls, &c.

Parting Whispers.

THRICE the flowers have bloomed and faded
Since we first as classmates met,
Happy scenes before us crowding,
Mem'ry whispers, " ne'er forget."

CHORUS.

Tarry, oh ye golden moments,
Breaking not the holy spell ;
Let us linger on the threshold,
E'er we breathe the last farewell.

Now we clasp our hands in parting,
And the tears will rise unseen
As we turn away, our footsteps
Echoing many years between.

Tarry, oh ye, &c.

All this toiling is but sowing;
When the reaping shall be o'er,
May we find in heaven's own garner,
Golden sheaves we bound before.
Tarry, oh ye, &c.

As we think of life's stern duties,
Mingling rise our hopes and fears,
Oh, may glorious victories wait us
In the rolling tide of years.
Tarry, oh ye, &c.

Gladly let us hail the future,
Strong to battle and to win;
Sadly leave the past forever,
And life's noble work begin.
Tarry, oh ye, &c.

May our paths to-day dividing,
When the earthly toil is past,
Lead us all where tears of sorrow
Seem as pearls in heaven at last.
Tarry, oh ye, &c.

Six O'Clock P. M.

THE workshops open wide their doors
At six o'clock P. M.
And workmen issue forth by scores
At six o'clock P. M.
Of all the minutes in array,
Of hours that go to make the day,
There's none so welcome, so they say,
As six o'clock P. M.

How many children show delight
  At six o'clock P. M.
How many homes are rendered bright
  At six o'clock P. M.
How many little happy feet
Go out into the busy street,
With joyous bounds papa to meet,
  At six o'clock P. M.

Thousands of tables draped in white
  At six o'clock P. M.
The gathered families invite
  At six o'clock P. M.
And as they eat the frugal fare
They quite forget their toil and care,
And drop their heavy burdens there,
  At six o'clock P. M.

Then blow, ye shrieking whistles, blow!
  At six o'clock P. M.,
And let the weary toilers go
  At six o'clock P. M.;
Ring out, releasing bells, ring out!
And bid the welkin take the shout,
And echo it all round about,
  "'Tis six o'clock P. M."

A Year Ago To-Night.

How long since we parted, dear Maud,
  By the side of the old wicker gate?
How long since I bid thee farewell,
  To struggle with fortune and fate?

You pledged to be faithful to me,
To love me, my own, my delight;
I gave a gold ring unto thee,
Just a year ago, this to-night.

CHORUS.

I gave a gold ring unto thee,
Just a year ago, this to-night, love,
Just a year ago this to-night.

Art thou still so fair, pretty Maud,
Thy cheeks just so blushing and red,
As though they were lilies at first,
Soft kissed by the sun overhead?
Thine eyes so true and enchanting,
Thy heart so happy and light,
As when I did give thee a ring,
Just a year ago, this to-night?

I gave a gold ring, &c.

I soon shall return, pretty Maud,
To crown thee my own little bride;
I love thee more dearly than all,
For thou art my treasure, my pride;
Let that be my token of love,
Till happy our hearts shall unite,
The ring that I gave thee, my dove,
Just a year ago, this to-night.

I gave a gold ring, &c.

Where is my Nancy.

A charming young creature named Nancy Bar,
Nancy Bar, who lived with her ma,
Of fair ones oh! she was the fairest by far,
A charmer, bewitching and smart;
No dickey bird singing up in the sky,
In the sky, was more happy than I,
But to happiness I have said "good-by,"
For in pieces she's broken my heart.

CHORUS.

Does any one know where my Nancy's gone?
Nancy's gone, Nancy's gone,
Does any one know where my Nancy's gone?
Where, oh! where is my Nancy?

At a ball I first met her, one night by chance,
Quite by chance, couldn't she dance?
While others would clumsily shuffle and prance,
Her waltzing was something divine;
I was madly in love at first sight,
Love at first sight, (lumps of delight!)
When I took her to supper, and did the polite,
Or helped her to ices and wine.
Does any one, &c.

When she spoke, oh, my head spun round like a top,
My heart went wop, and flipity flop,
So the terrible question I ventured to "pop,"
She blushed, and then softly said "yes;"
I measured her finger, and bought the ring,
Bought the ring, 'twas just the thing,
All the next week did nothing but dance and sing,
My joy there are few who could guess.
Does any one, &c.

Cantilena.

(MUSIC CAN BE HAD AT R. B. BUTLAND'S, TORONTO.)

THERE'S not a song that trembles
  Around my heart to-night,
But thrills with untold gladness,
  And eloquent delight,
For I have cast the shadows
  Of sorrows all aside,
To let hope's joyous music
  Through all my being glide ;
So let hope's joyous music
  Through all my being glide.

CHORUS.

Then sweetly dream, dream on, dream on,
  Nor breathe a single sigh,
To wake the gentle zephyr,
  That fans the star-lit sky.

And there is not a tear-stain
  Upon my eyelids now,
Nor yet a shade to ruffle
  The spirit's sunny flow.
Life seemeth oh! so joyous!
  So blithesome and so light,
Like some long dream of Summer,
  That haunts a Winter's night;
Like some long dream of Summer,
  That haunts a Winter's night.
    Then sweetly dream, &c.

Like rosy childhood playing
  Among the early flowers,
My happy heart is straying
  On sunny-footed hours.
Perhaps I may be dreaming,
  When I my ills forget;
Break not the blissful seeming,
  Oh, do not wake me yet ;
Break not the blissful seeming,
  Oh, do not wake me yet.
    Then sweetly dream, &c.

Put Me in My Little Bed.

(MUSIC CAN BE HAD AT R. B. BUTLAND'S, TORONTO.)

Oh! birdie I am tired now,
I do not care to hear you sing;
You've sung your happy song all day,
Now put your head beneath your wing.
I'm sleepy, too, as I can be,
And sister, when my pray'r is said,
I want to lay me down to rest,
So put me in my little bed.

CHORUS.

Come, sister, come, kiss me, good night,
For I my evening pray'r have said;
I'm tired now and sleepy, too,
Come, put me in my little bed.

Oh! sister, what did mother say,
When she was call'd to heaven away?
She told me always to be good,
And never, never go astray.
I can't forget the day she died,
She placed her hand upon my head;
She whisper'd softly, "Keep my child,"
And then they told me she was dead.

Come, sister, come, &c.

Dear sister, come and hear my pray'r,
Now, ere I lay me down to sleep,
Within my Heavenly Father's care,
While angels bright their vigils keep;
And let me ask of Him above,
To keep my soul in paths of right;
Oh! let me thank Him for His love,
Ere I should say my last "Good night."

Come, sister, come, &c.

Sweet Bye-and-By.

(MUSIC CAN BE HAD AT R. B. BUTLAND'S, TORONTO.)

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet bye-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet bye-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

In the sweet bye-and-by, &c.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet bye-and-by, &c.

Medley.

Now ancient English melody
Is banished out of doors,
And nothing's heard in modern days,
But—

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth—

Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving,
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where—

We have lived and loved together,
Thro' many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And—

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, oh!
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, oh!
Where the rose in all its pride,
Decks the hollow dingle side.

DOMINO.

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